

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

### AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

#### FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

#### SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

#### THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

#### FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

#### FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

#### SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

### LET US HAVE PEACE AND HARMONY

An exceedingly wise and fortunate decision has been reached by the organizers of the \$1 dinner in honor of Jefferson. They intend to make it a protest by the masses of the people against the menace of trusts and the growth of corporate power. It will not be a partisan gathering. Governor Pingree, of Michigan, and Mayor Jones, of Toledo, both Republicans, but valiant champions of the rights of the people, have been invited.

Under such conditions the dinner which Mr. Bryan will attend will be productive of good results. Instead of inciting factional discord it will conduce to harmony.

It is not good policy for Democrats to tear their party to pieces and hold the fragments up for the scoffing of the ungodly in a squabble about the price of a sandwich.

The best way to honor the memory of Jefferson is to carry his principles to success. If the members of a large and influential Democratic club, representing thousands of votes, feel inspired to invite other Democrats to join them in a love feast, however gorgeous and expensive, why should anybody object? If any Democrats think the price of that dinner too high, there can be no possible harm in their having any number of others, at prices to suit all pockets. But let them all be held in a spirit of good-fellowship. Let their end be to strengthen the party rather than to break it down—to heal wounds rather than to fill them with salt.

It is not the men who are secretly or openly hostile to Democratic principles who have most reason to work for party harmony. It is those who want to see those principles carried into effect. If Mr. Bryan should be nominated next year and defeated, the opponents of the Chicago platform would probably be able to survive the blow. It is the advocates of that platform who would feel such a defeat most keenly, and therefore they are the ones who ought to be working most earnestly for harmony and for the capture of every obtainable vote.

Mr. Bryan made a magnificent run in 1896, but he lacked about 600,000 votes of matching McKinley's strength. In New York he fell short by nearly 270,000. He must make up those votes somewhere if he is to be elected next year. Where is he to get them if men who would like to act with the Democracy are to be driven away?

The Democratic strength in the West has not been increasing since 1896. California, which gave Mr. Bryan one electoral vote, went Republican last November by nearly 20,000 plurality. Kansas, which Bryan carried by 13,509 in 1896, elected a Republican Governor by 15,870 in 1898. Nebraska almost slipped away last year, and Washington, which had given an immense Bryan majority at the Presidential election, slumped to the Republicans two years later.

It is in the East that these losses must be made up, and especially in New York. This State has more electoral votes than California, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington combined. The Democrats of New York wiped out McKinley's plurality of 268,469 in one year and substituted a Democratic plurality of 60,889 for Judge Parker. If it had not been for Colonel Roosevelt's San Juan popularity they would have repeated the feat last November, and, as it was, they kept Roosevelt's margin down to 17,979 in a total vote of 1,344,468.

A party that can do work like that is too good and too healthy to commit suicide.

#### AMERICA AND EUROPE.

Some of our fellow-citizens of German take again. It just happened that the and Irish descent are noisier papers on the Continent of Europe aggrieved at the talk were simultaneously seized with an anti- of an Anglo-American frenzy, and some incidents occurred, at Manila and elsewhere, which seemed to show that certain European governments were not particularly friendly. All this threw the hearty English expressions of regard into strong relief, and made us appreciate them at their full value. But all Europe Spanish war. If the New York Giants should win a game of baseball from the Hackensack Terrors by a score of 99 to 0, they would naturally appreciate the applause of a friendly "rooter" in the midst of a jeering crowd, but they would not feel that they owed him the game.

Lord Salisbury said recently that in supporting Turkey against Russia in the Crimean war England had "backed the wrong horse." England has backed the wrong horse on several other occasions, and this time she

very sensibly decided not to make that mistake. It just happened that the and Irish descent are noisier papers on the Continent of Europe aggrieved at the talk were simultaneously seized with an anti- of an Anglo-American frenzy, and some incidents occurred, at Manila and elsewhere, which seemed to show that certain European governments were not particularly friendly. All this threw the hearty English expressions of regard into strong relief, and made us appreciate them at their full value. But all Europe Spanish war. If the New York Giants should win a game of baseball from the Hackensack Terrors by a score of 99 to 0, they would naturally appreciate the applause of a friendly "rooter" in the midst of a jeering crowd, but they would not feel that they owed him the game.



#### PUNCTURED!

The people of New York are to be congratulated on the defeat of the Astoria Light, Heat and Power bill. Although it was supposed to have the support of the Republican machine, it was rejected in the Senate yesterday by a decisive vote, the Democrats leading the fight against it. The measure granted to the Astoria Company unusual privileges without compensation to the county or State. An influential lobby was maintained at Albany to assist in its passage, and the aid of Republican leaders was secured, but all to no purpose.

#### THE CASE OF THE SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Governor Roosevelt has announced that he will veto the Ahearn bill to raise the pay of school teachers in New York city. He is opposed to it because the proposed increase is based on length of service instead of merit.

The Governor's objections are not well taken. The teachers of this city have never been given salaries in keeping with their duties and their qualifications. As they must stand strict examinations before they can secure certificates, their employment in the public schools is an evidence of capacity. Years of experience add to their value.

It is hardly fair to those who have devoted their lives to the wearing duties of the school-room to compel them to submit to a rigid examination before they can secure an increase of salary that they should have had years ago.

#### CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

MR. JACOB A. BUIS, appointed by Governor Roosevelt to investigate the condition of sweatshops, reports that on the whole the situation among the clothing makers is satisfactory and that the law is enforced. He ingeniously adds: "It was very difficult to obtain a direct statement of violation." Of course it was. Investigations that are heralded in advance are not likely to bring out the facts.

"THEN ROSE SENATOR COGGESHALL, and with bitter words. We should not be led like sheep to the slaughter. We are conscious of death. We should be permitted to retain some vestige of manhood and self-respect. It is unjust to the people whose representatives we are." (Press dispatches.) And yet this Senator of the fine words was one of the twenty-one who on Monday voted against the protection of lives on Amsterdam avenue. There are more ways than one to "lead sheep to the slaughter."

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL, after reaching third reading in the Senate, was recommended to the Judiciary Committee. The last hearing on the measure before that body has not been reassuring to the friends of organized labor. Governor Roosevelt's attention is called to the fact that he has promised his assistance to have the bill passed. Will he please be good enough to get it out of the pigeon hole?

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE is wrestling with a resolution compelling all heads of State departments to publish their payrolls, but as the average Assemblyman in Illinois does not differ much from the New York specimen the measure has little chance of passing. Legislators usually have parasitical friends feeding at the public crib.

#### Will Vitalize the Democracy.

To the Editor of the New York Journal: The sixth plank you add to your "American Internal Policy" will do more to vitalize, materialize and popularize the Democratic party, if honestly carried into effect, than any and all other questions now demanding settlement.

The trust of all trusts, the combine of all combines, is the money trust, the money combine. The function of expanding and contracting the volume of money is vital, it pertains to Government alone, or if possessed by any kind of combination whatever, then that combination is the Government. It can and will declare war, conclude peace and perform any and all other functions desired by its head, as well as control any and all trusts or combinations which prey upon the people. It can lower the purchasing power of wealth when in the hands of its creators and increase its purchasing power when in their own hands, simply by increasing the volume of money when they want to sell and decreasing the volume when they want to buy. The free coinage of gold or silver does not enter into the matter at all. That is only a blind. That is the "now you see it, now you don't see it." You hit the nail squarely on the head in the sixth plank. Drive it home.

There are but two ways before us: The people must retain, at all hazards, the function of creating money, increasing or decreasing its volume as they select, or close every school house in the land or witness a revolution such as this world has never witnessed.

J. R. MILLER.

Pulaski City, Va., March 21.

#### Free Silver Will Not Down.

W. R. Hearst, Esq., Editor of the New York Journal.

Dear Sir:—I have read your six propositions printed at the head of your paper, and they are all sound as far as they go, but the Democratic National Convention of 1900 will add some to these six propositions. It will readopt the Chicago platform, and as in 1896 place special emphasis upon the plank in the platform demanding the immediate, free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. No person on earth can tear the great issue of free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 from the brains and brawn of the millions who voted for Bryan, and a platform changing the ratio or ignoring 16 to 1 would tear the Democratic party to atoms and lose the nominee of the convention of 1900 seven-tenths of the Democratic votes of the West and South. Better hold your great organ steadily to the landmarks of the Chicago platform of 1896, and then act on, if necessary, your six propositions, or the substance of them. Bryan and the Chicago platform will dominate the Democratic National Convention of 1900, as they did that of 1896.

Yours truly, H. C. BELLI.

Springfield, Ill., March 22.

## DAGNAN-BOUVERET'S CHRIST DOMINATES THE PALE AMERICAN ART SHOW.

In the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society the twenty-first exhibition that opens today radiates vacillating lights. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Disciples of Emmaus" is the great work of it. He is not an American nor a member of the society.

The picture bathes in a green dawn Jesus at table parting the bread between two men, "one of whom was named Cleopas." They are in ecstasy. His long hair is red, detached by an aureole from the green clearness. His gesture is infinitely graceful. A woman carrying fruit has the enchantment of it in her eyes.

It is a vision. The artist has made it thus devoutly, having placed himself, his wife and son in a group at the left of the picture, in the brown light reflected from a curtain, gazing at the miracle. His work was the artistic sensation of a season in Paris. It was given to the Carnegie Art Galleries by Mr. Frick as a memorial.

This is its first appearance here. May not New York criticize it according to its own point of view? We may not represent to ourselves with precision what has ceased to exist. What we designate as local color is a dream. We take a great deal of trouble to copy old arms and old stiffs. Artists of other ages were not embarrassed by so much exactness. They lent to the heroes of legend or of history the costumes or the figures of their contemporaries. Thus they expressed to us naturally their minds and their epoch. Can an artist do better than that ever?

Every one of their personages was one of themselves. These personages, animated by their life and their thoughts, remain forever touching. They give to the future an evidence of sentiments felt and of real emotions. Archaeological pictures give evidence only of the wealth of museums. It was a beautiful idea to paint an impression of the Gospel at Emmaus reflected in a sensitive artist.

A woman and a child of to-day. W. L. Lathrop's "Clouds and Hills" won the Webb prize of the society. It is a picture of blue lands darkened by clouds white, gray, yellowish. There is a patch of blue among them. The composition is simple. Douglas Volk's "Woodland Maid" won the Shaw fund. The figure is tall, in green waist and blue skirt. She holds a branch of pine in her hands. Through the trunks of trees at her back is a cobalt blue sky. Her face is interesting.

Albert Herter's "At Twilight" is a tall, slim young woman in white silk gown, and a man in evening dress. He kisses her; her face is grave. There is the white knob of a door shut behind them. The beauty of the work is all in the play of the soft light on the woman's figure. The same artist's "Eve of St. Agnes" is a woman in red velvet, at a table beside a Faience glass window, skilfully colored.

There are a "Red Moonrise" by Birge Harrison, a "Moonlight" by F. De Haven, "Apple Blossoms of May" by J. Appleton Brown, "Early Spring in New England" by Dwight W. Tryon, a "View from Woodville" by Leonard Ochtman, a "Portrait of John Noble Stearns" by Maurice Fromkes, and "Roses and Lilies" by Mary F. MacMonnies, that captivate interest as one passes from landscape to figure and from figure to landscape in the galleries.

Kenyon Cox's "The Common Law," the panel of a frieze for the Appellate Court, has three figures of women and two of children. The woman in the middle of the composition carries the law in a roll of parchment with a red seal. One at her right holds a chain, one at her left holds the scales. The emblems are precise, the figures are not graceful, the colors are bright.

Louis Loeb's "Forget Me Not" is a woman in a lilac gown, resting her head on a pillow in a large

armchair. There is a bunch of small, blue flowers on her lap. The face is pale and sad. The work is well done.

Humphrey Johnston's "Lorenzaccio" is a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. It expresses well in the darkness of the coloring, in the pose of the meditative figure, in the expression of the half-closed eyes and pale, wearied face, the character that Alfred de Musset created in one of the most poetical of plays.

John W. Alexander's "Portrait" is of a little girl in white, with light brown hair, bent before a doll in a wibogony chair, in a room all fitted with the green ivy curtains at the window. There is an "Afternoon by the River," painted by H. Bolton Jones, in delicate greens and yellows. There is a pretty impression of "Orient Harbor," by Jules Turcas.

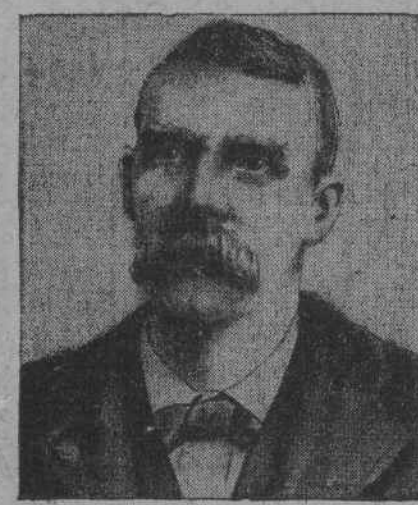
There is here and there a portrait or a landscape painted with good taste, knowledge. There are many pictures of scenes seen through the works of Winslow Homer, George Inness, and even Dels. Imitations abound. There is an impression of regret, for the exhibition is lacking in ideas. It is not the fault of our national life.

Art has not the truth for its object. The truth must be asked of the sciences, because it is their object. It must not be asked of painting, which has and may have to other aim than the beautiful. Perhaps artists, if they were persuaded of that, would not send to a exhibition of the Society of American Artists works that are only passable and works that are worse.

HI ENRI PENE DU BOIS.

### CANDIDATE TAPP'S STRANGE PLATFORM.

REFORM WITH A VENGEANCE.



James W. Tapp, Would-Be Mayor of Wichita, Kansas.

THE ne plus ultra of Reform, with a big R, is presented by James W. Tapp, the reform candidate for Mayor of Wichita, Kan. Several days ago the famous told in its news columns of the queer platform upon which Mr. Tapp is running. If he is elected, Sunday the arena, baseball and football games, or any other outdoor sport, will be forbidden and punished by a fine; saloons will be closed on Saturday nights and Sundays; variety shows and burlesques will be abolished; sensational bills on boards cast out; policemen must stop swearing on duty and will be requested to carry Bibles; bloomer girls will be fined \$5 and for a second offense will be jailed for ten days; the city will pay street car fare for all who desire to attend church on Sunday; on that day divine service will be held at the City Hall and all public officials will be expected to be present; meetings of the Council will open and close with prayer; disreputable resorts of all kinds will be closed up; a free city hospital will be established; spitting tobacco juice and using profanity in public places will be misdemeanors; cruelties to animals a crime; all stores but drug stores must close on Sundays; fast driving will be punished by a \$10 fine; a public library of Bibles, wholly, will be added to the library already existing; all poor people will be supplied with drugs and medicines free of charge.

These are among the principal reforms it is the

purpose of Mr. Tapp and his party to introduce. To a representative of the Chicago Times Herald this remarkable candidate of reform said his campaign had been started on the basis of reform. It should be, "I have received hundreds of letters," he remarked, "commending my cause. Some people, of course, think it is ridiculous, but the majority seem to be with me, and they are the ones that count. As a member of the Salvation Army I am not unaccustomed to jeers. My purpose is to set before the people of this country the proper kind of reforms—moral reforms—and these are what we need. The world is going down the broad road rapidly—the road of immorality and shame. What the cities need is ordinances like those proposed in this campaign."

As may be imagined, Mr. Tapp has strong moral convictions. He holds that every one is born with moral instincts and would not go wrong did not opportunities beset one on all sides. He proposes to reform the law officers themselves and politics will then be purified.

Candidate Tapp came to Kansas from Virginia years ago, and he was a character in the early history of the State. He has given liberally of his wealth to the Salvation Army, and often is seen marching down the street at the head of the parade, shouting "Glory, glory, Halleujah!" and waving the banner above his head.

Mr. Tapp's fortune is estimated at \$100,000.

### CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER ON QUEER WHIST PRIZES AND EXTRAORDINARY GOWNS.

THE last shuffle has been made and the last card dealt. The Knickerbocker Whist Club held its last regular meeting at the house of Mrs. Walter Rutherford on Thursday.

There will be only one more before this club disbands until next year. Mrs. Rutherford has been placed in rather a trying position, as a little kinsman of hers, the child of the Charles Remsens, had died and was to be buried. But she did not want to disappoint the whist club, and they met at her house as usual.

The Thursday Evening Club, which has had such hard luck recently in illnesses and deaths, was again, obliged to postpone its meeting.

With the calm of Holy Week approaching, two things have been agitating society. The first is the smallness and one might say meanness of the prizes given at the various whist and bowling clubs.

The prizes at the latter are perfectly inexorable. On Wednesday it was announced that Mrs. Henri Barbey would present prizes made of cut glass of great value, and that Mr. Purdy, the former secretary of the club, would give also very valuable endowments, which he had brought from Florida.

Well, I do not think Mrs. Barbey ever had any such intention. The prizes I saw one might have easily bought in the ten-cent shops, and as for the Florida specimens—well, it is true that Mr. Purdy has just returned from his honeymoon trip, and what he did give to the winners of scores were little china alligators, which were not curiosities, and which I doubt were further from Florida than Newark.

I understood he gave them. Perhaps I am doing him an injustice. One must not look even a gift alligator—and a china one at that—in the mouth.

The other topic of conversation is to be found in the two very remarkable costumes worn this week—one at a fancy ball and the other at the opera. The first was that of Cooper Hewitt, who had arranged himself so in wig, tights, etc., copied from an old Italian picture, that nearly all the women went mad over him at the Breese ball on Saturday last.

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt is accustomed, with her beauty and her dances, to making a sensation. But she was entirely eclipsed by her husband.

Cooper Hewitt has never posed as a professional beauty before. But that evening has been the success of his life. The women actually followed him as they did Rithorne in "Patience." And he was so amazed at his success that he came near fleeing.

Mrs. Hewitt did not like it at all, and she was not as chaste as usual. People who have little to talk about are chatting very nothing else.

Never has such a sensation been made since the artist, young Cushing, exhibited a greater part of his manly form in the Power costume at the Bradley Martin ball.

And yet there was plenty of tights, and Cooper cannot be held responsible for the havoc which his newly discovered fatal beauty has wrought.

The other was the gown worn by Mrs. Ogden Mills at the opera on Wednesday evening. Just now the women of fashion are laced in so tight that they can hardly breathe. Their gowns have no sleeves and are held up, clinging to extremely low corsets, by some unknown power.

Mrs. Mills has evidently determined to set a crusade against this mode of dressing. She wore a very loose white gown, something between a tea gown and a peignoir—in fact, it was very much in the latter style, high-necked and with a great Watteau pleat in the back.

In fact, it had the appearance exactly of being that style of garment one is apt to associate with a boudoir or a bedroom.

And yet it was absolutely draped—and this is the amusing part of it. It was high-necked, very loose, seeming to suggest that no stays—no, pardon me, this hint—were worn, and was one which a man could have worn with impunity.

It was this which started people. A woman dresses herself from head to foot in the privacy of her room and undresses absolutely in public. At the opera, where all around her while shoulders and arms and the lowest cut bodices possible, and those gowns which are cut V-shaped in the back down to the belt, were in evidence, this nun-like costume was regarded with the greatest of curiosity and with somewhat of a shock.

I hope Mrs. Ogden Mills will commence a crusade against the tight lacing and the décolleté gown. She is the woman who can do this and succeed, and possibly the only one in society.

Miss Susan de Forest Day has joined the ranks of fashionable authors, and will publish a book in which will be the log of her trips in the West Indies on her transformed tramp steamer, the Seythian.

She is to be followed by George Day, who will give his experiences last Summer in eluding the Spanish gunboats on his yacht.

John Jacob Astor will again contribute to the cause of literature and write about the Nourmahel, and Eugene Heflinger is expected to have something to say about the Varuna.

Many of these proposed books will no doubt be very interesting reading.

Miss Day will take her ship to the Paris Exposition, if she can anchor it in the Seine.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

### WINIFRED BLACK IS GLAD THE PARIS FAIR WILL NOT HAVE A WOMAN'S BUILDING.

MR. FERDINAND PECK, of Chicago, is in trouble. He and the Paris Exposition are going to be bored.

The Woman's National, Industrial and Patriotic League in golden congress assembled has said it. Mr. Peck and some of the other exposition commissioners have calmly but firmly announced that there is to be no woman's building at the Paris Fair.

Whereupon the League aforesaid has arisen and called upon the women of America to take their dolls and go home and never play in Mr. Peck's yard any more.

Why, ladies, how can you! Pour Mr. Peck is doing the best he can. There's no room in Paris for any woman's building. There is hardly room enough for an American building big enough to satisfy a Mohawk Valley Fair Association. Mr. Peck didn't build Paris, nor yet lay out the grounds, and, besides, there is no room anywhere, any time, for any kind of a woman's building.

If you want a bed quilt display or a tidy exhibition, call these doubtless very interesting things by their right names and let them be judged as tidies or as bed quilts, without any reference to the sex of the persons who made them.

A woman's building is supposed to be a monument to the wonderful genius of the modern woman.

It is a sign post pointing out the road to her failures.

It is bad enough to know within our secret hearts that men have better use of our own games right straight along up to this very year of grace 1899—but why, in the name of all that's practical, why hire a brass band to proclaim that fact?

The finest dresses at the Paris Exposition will be designed and made by men.

The greatest marvels of the pastry cook's art to be seen there will be made by men.

The display of musical instruments and of the memorials dedicated to the musical composers will bring out the fact that men have excelled in this particularly feminine art.

Every other woman of to-day has driven her friends distraught "practising" to be a musician. How many of them have become musicians?

Where is the woman composer, or even the great woman interpreter, of fine instrumental music? Every other woman of to-day has taken "lessons in art."

Where are the women who can paint great pictures?

All these little things are plain enough for the wayfaring man to see. He might be so busy looking at other things that he wouldn't notice it. If women did not persist in beating a large and enthusiastic tom-tom, which would call the attention of the celebrated "fool" himself to the real facts in the case.

A woman who can do work worth doing wants it judged by the standards by which men's work is judged.

You would not please Mme. Sarah Bernhardt if you told her that you considered her acting very good "for a woman."

It would go hard with any member of any league whatsoever who attempted to persuade Rosa Bonheur to put her picture into an exhibit where it would be labelled by the mere fact of its being there as an inferior work of art.

It is hard to be the committeeman who had to tell Harriet Hosmer that her statues were good enough to go into the Woman's Building but not good enough to go into the art gallery.

Once I saw a man who could play "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River" on the violin with the bow held between his toes. I was quite entranced until I began to think how much better he could probably play it if he deigned to use the common, everyday way.

Doubtless I was wrong.

The only virtue his playing had or could have was his "freak" way of doing it. The Woman's Building idea is a "freak" idea.

I went into the Woman's Building at the World's Fair in Chicago, and it made me feel like a lone wanderer at some "wondrous category of marvels."

Nothing that was there was because it was good.

It was there because a woman had made it.

And oh! and oh! the things those women had made!

And the things that other women stood around and said about them!

I asked a good little woman from Iowa what she liked best at the Fair.

She didn't hesitate an instant.

"The Woman's Building and the Prime Rose," she said. She was dead in earnest.

And I am dead in earnest now when I say that I believe that the majority of women are beginning to resent being regarded as "freaks."

They do not want the things which they regard as serious efforts to be classed with the "prime rose."

The woman's building at any fair is sure to be full of pictures by people who can't paint, decorations by people who can't decorate, and ideas by people who can't think.

The freak violin man did very well at a side show, but he would have been rather out of place at a symphony concert.

The woman who does things "very well for a woman," or surprisingly well for an amateur, is very well at her home or at small and earlars among her friends, but she and her works have no place at a world's fair.

It is Peck and gentlemen of the Exhibit on Committee I salute you! You "done noble." And every woman who is trying to do real work in the world will applaud you when she gets time to sit down and think it all over.

WINIFRED BLACK.

Two Ways Open.

"I see they've got a pretty schoolman on trial down in New York for permitting one of her pupils to kiss her."

"You is even't heard whether she intends to go on the state or lecture after the trial, have you?"—Chicago News.

The Untimely.

The hero of the serial was now condemned to die.

"What an untimely end!" sobbed the heroine.